

Gangsta Boo

"Money And Powder"

Visit "[Money And Powder](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

1 - money and the powder, money and the powder
(misses gangsta boo got the) money and the powder
(yup)

Money and the powder, money and the powder
(niggas pagin me for my) money and the powder
Money and the powder, money and the powder
(I got all you bitches jade, cuz of) money and the
powder

Money and the powder, money and the powder
(up 24/7, cuz my) money and the powder

[gangsta boo]

I got the money and the powder

Yeah, got the fuckin dollas, 40

Increasin hours

Trade your whole damn life for it

Only tryin to be the richest bitch

That roam the city streets

Keep a bird flyin to the south

For a winters peak

South folk put me up on game

Cuz the game aint changed

Still the same way

Likin me and your momma gaze

Rappin get ya paid

That's cool, Im havin fun, see

Live on stage, gangsta boo is what they call me

Good sense of humor

Kinda funny once you get to know

Money over bitches, once on top

You don't hear me though

Stay smokin green

Cuz I got it like that

I stay up on some pure shit

On and poppin like that

So if you try to break me

Never will you succeed

Cuz a bitch like me, always got a plan b

With hypnotize minds

Blindin bitches when we come through

To all enquiring minds

Yours truly, gangsta boo

Repeat 1

[gangsta boo]

Its kinda hard bein the lady that I am, you see
Without a shiesty ass nigga tryin to get with me
But we gon ride and get high
Glidin deep in the night
In your pearl mercedes fixed with the blue headlights
Okay, it's on, pop the dom
What about the 100, percent pure that you promised
me
Before you go under
Call me lady, me, no
Im takin over your hood
Because it's on, good
Yellin that Im wishin you would
Try to gank me for my shit
Never buyin ya baby
I be the one that rock your cradle
Come and play with me baby
Yee know, it's bout the money
It aint bout nothin else
Don't try to play me bitch
Be fuckin tryin to play with yourself
If it's cool, then it's cool
If it's not, then it's not
If ya ass actin shady, if it's bricked or rocked
Don't be crossin like a God when you're dealin with me
Its not so easy bein hard
Whatcha tryin to be?

Repeat 1

[gangsta boo]

What a trip, I got you bitches wantin to roll with me
But back in 1993, you wouldn't fuck with me
But now I got an album out
Look at tv, Im on it
Now you're lookin for some fame
Plus all my niggas, you want em
Never that, I can't be usin groupies
To call em friends
Because my money and my powder would be gone in
the end
I can't depend on you bitches when Im in some trouble
Blow your bump and fuck me up
Once imma fuck you up ?
Get your squad, what they gon do? (not shit)
I thought you knew
With my black hooded crew

We gon come and get you
Cuz we got money to make
Whatever nigga it take
We got some kis in this shit
We gotta bring home some play
It aint no limit in this because we real to the fact
If your ass black, you know you gotta hustle for scraps
So imma holla
Thanks for listenin all my ghetto girls and boys
First comes money, then the powder
Then relax, and you'll enjoy

Repeat 1

Visit [Gangsta Boo](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.